

1/3

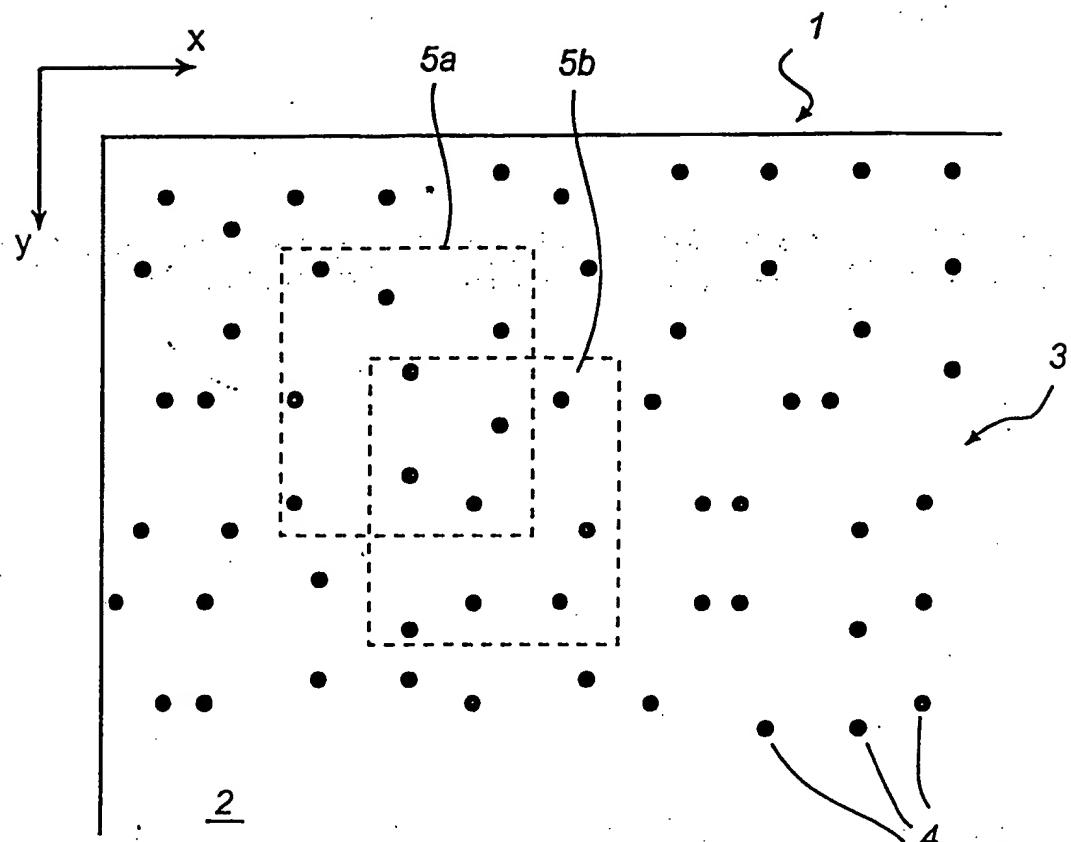


Fig. 1

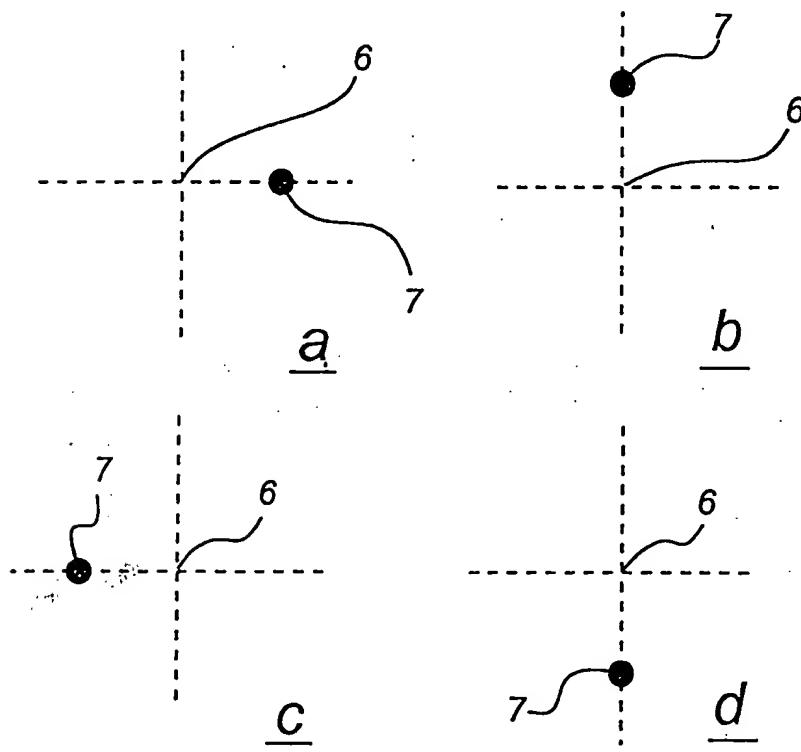


Fig. 2

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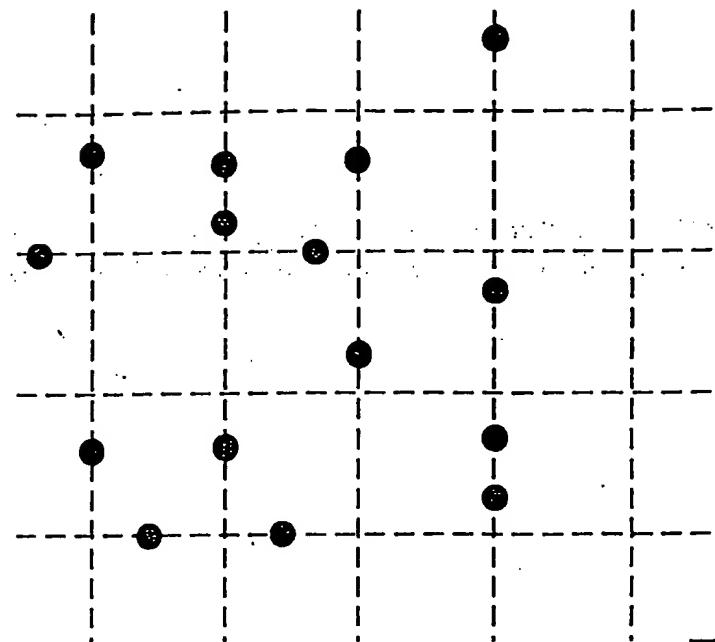


Fig. 3

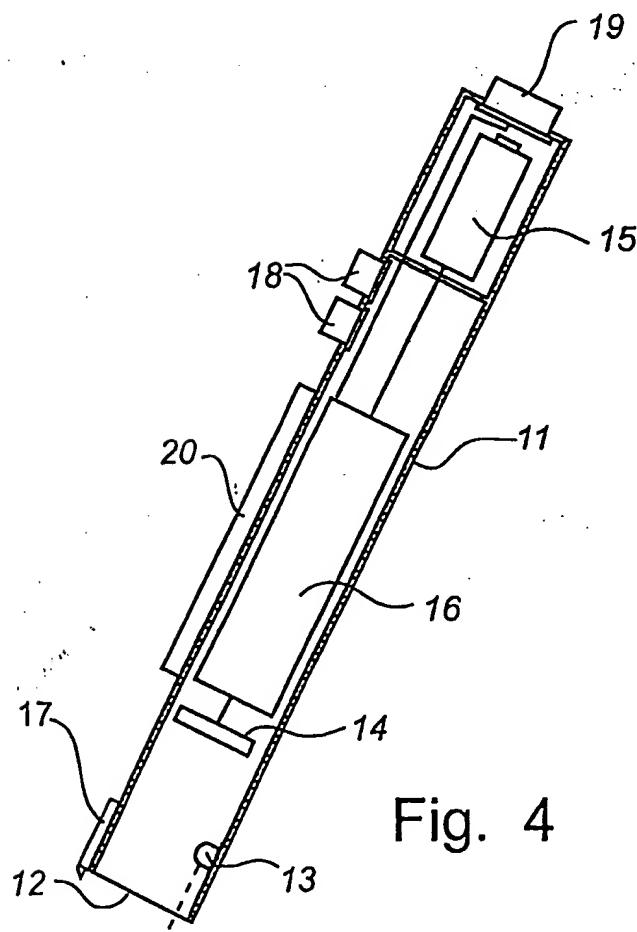


Fig. 4

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? 501
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all ~~ty~~o short a date: 10 ← 502
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his ~~green~~ complexion dimm'd; 89 old ← 503
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall ~~fade~~ not ← 504
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

Fig. 5a

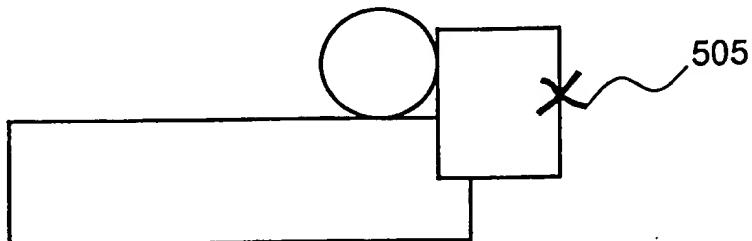


Fig. 5b